The Heart if the Matter

By: Maddy Carroll

On the third Friday, another stick figure was on the board. My eyes immediately searched for the wavy line. There it was. Staring at me. I wondered why it was staring at me? It wasn’t alive or anything like that. It was just there. Sometimes I thought it had started to make faces at me. I had confronted my teacher about it, but she said it was nothing. Simply my eyes were playing tricks on me. Well next week, I walk into the classroom and see the stick figure sitting on my desk. I screamed very loud but no one seemed to realize I needed help. I started to ask him why he was here and not on the board. He said that he was here to haunt me of what I had done. I was so confused and scared all at the same time. I told him just to leave me alone. He said no way on earth. I attempt to run out of the room, but that doesn’t work at all. A trap door dropped me into the schools foundation. I was trapped. Locked in. no way out.